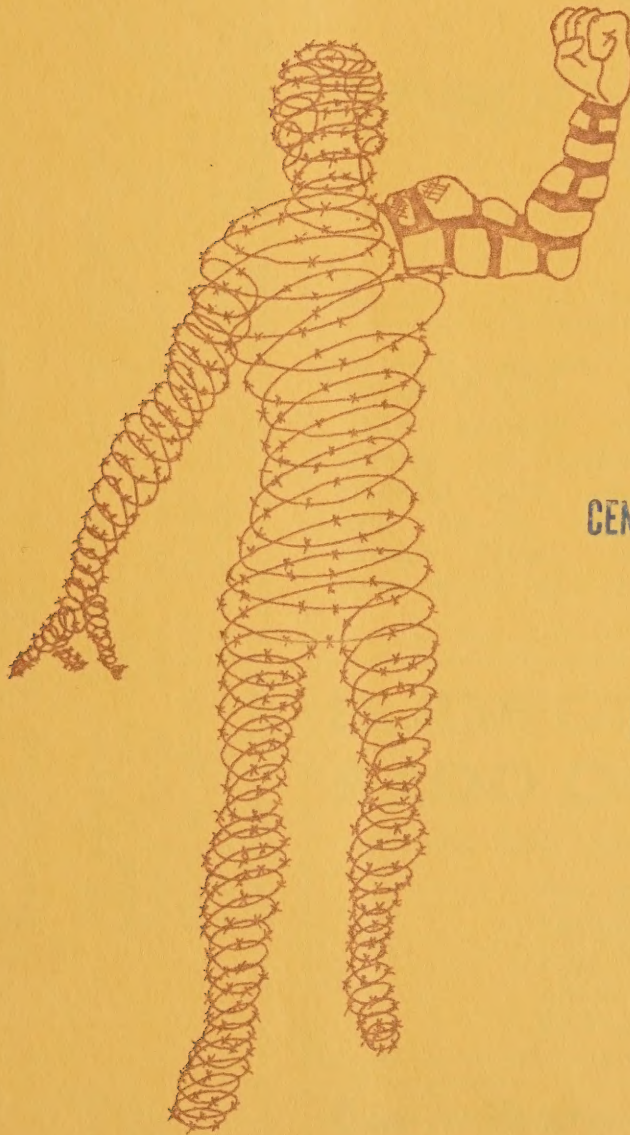




May 74



CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

JUN 11 1974

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Tarpaper Editorial Policy

TARPAPER IS A
MEMBER OF THE
INTERNATIONAL
PENAL PRESS.

The name "Tarpaper" is derived from convict jargon and is meant to express dissatisfaction with a person, place, or thing. Since the editors have never met a satisfied convict it seems appropriate for their magazine to bear this title.

Tarpaper is published monthly by the inmates of Matsqui Federal Institution. Only opinions expressed on the editorial pages are the opinions of the editorial staff. Other opinions are the views of the particular author. The contents of Tarpaper do not necessarily conform to the official views of either the Solicitor General's Department or the Matsqui Institution Administration.

All material in Tarpaper is copyright by its authors. Permission to reprint is freely given to all members of the Penal Press and the International Penal Press. Permission is also given for brief extracts to be used in press reviews. All others must obtain the consent of Tarpaper and the individual authors to reprint original material from Tarpaper.

MAY 1974
**THE
PENAL PRESS**

editor Warren Robb

**associate
editor**

Michael Stewart

layout

Felonious Convictus

graphics

Warren Robb

cover

This months cover of Tarpaper was drawn to depict the inmate trapped within wire and brick. The up-lifted arm is to represent his desire to brake free, which is the strongest desire of all inmates.

**subscriptions
\$5.00 per year**

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tarpaper undercover

Volume 4

Number 1

May 74

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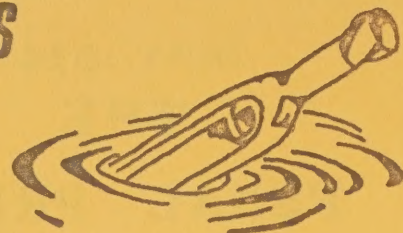
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Letters



Dear Readers

Since I have just taken over the job of editor of Tarpaper, and this is my first addition, I feel it is not fair to publish letters to our past editor and taking any credit for the many praising words commenting on past issues. I also feel it is not fair to take any blame for the unsatisfied remarks, though they are few. But I am looking forward to receiving any criticism of any kind, from both outside readers and inmates, directed to additions produced while I am editor.

Editor
Tarpaper

editorial

Prisons exists as a place to warehouse convicted men and they are getting to be more and more crowded. Something must be done. Building more institutions is "NOT" the answer!

The Solicitor General has announced a construction program to meet the needs of the Canadian Penitentiary Service in the present and the next five years.

In the past year federal penitentiary population has grown 10% nationally, and as much as 20% in certain areas. This contrasts sharply with an average 4% growth rate in recent years and has led to a acute shortage of inmate accommodation. This population explosion has had serious repercussions, notably the overflow of some maximum security inmates into medium security institutions. The shortage of cells and crowding of vocational educational teaching areas, have made life for inmates within a institution increasingly difficult and impaired rehabilitation programs.

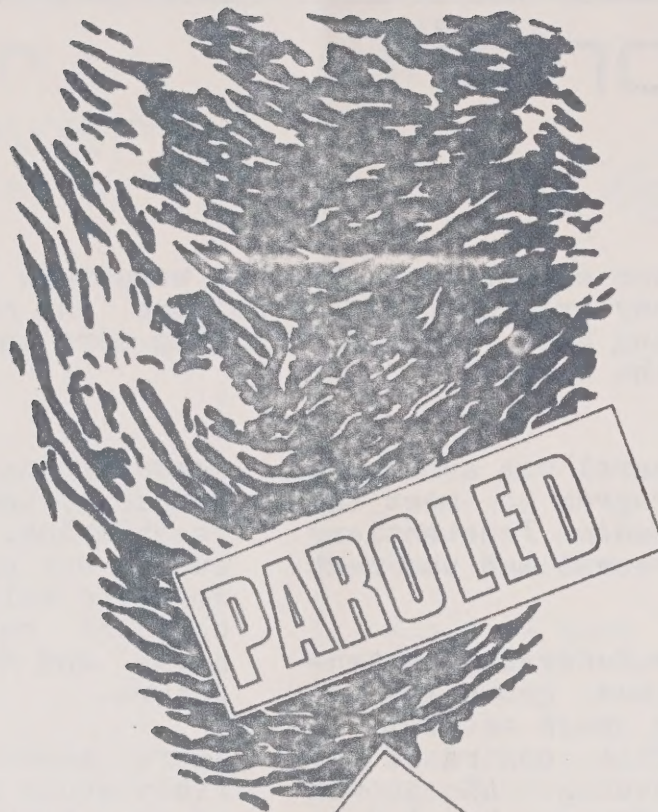
It is apparent that the Penitentiary Service cannot control, or even fully or accurately predict, trends in inmate population. Many factors effect accommodation needs: the incidence of crime, the length of sentences, the granting of parole and parole revocations. Based on the best information and projections available, accommodation will be required for over 12,000 inmates in 1978-79 compared to the current population of 9,200. While an overall five-year construction program based on this forecast has been laid out and approved in principle by the Treasury Board, Mr. Allmand emphasized that the Ministry of the Solicitor General will develop and support policies and

measures designed to reduce the number of inmates ending up in penitentiaries. This all sounds fine, but to our distress Mr. Allmand has approved only construction of facilities required to meet current needs and needs in the immediate future.

There seems to be something terribly wrong here, and the building of more institutions does not sound like the proper solution. In assuming this position, we would like to point out that we are suggesting a reduction in the total prison population (not the expansion which will take up millions of dollars of the tax payers money).

1. There are hundreds of men in Canadian Prisons who are now eligible for parole. Parole, traditionally when denied, is based on prison performance as determined by prison personnel. Often, parole is denied because of the original crime. After being denied parole, the prisoner is left in prison and continues in the same negative atmosphere and with the same routine. Most modern penologists recognize that "too much" time can be damaging to the man. We suspect that parole denials keep the prison population high, but do not aid the man and ultimately do not serve the best interest of the community.

2. Men in minimum security work camps can be released. If they are judged as not a threat to the community, punishment seems to be the sole reason to hold them.



Generally when a magazine on the street loses a good editor it is with great regret to see him go. But here at Tarpaper it is with a lightened heart to see our editor Harold Mercer leave us. Harold has done much for Tarpaper. In the eight months he has been editor. He has made Tarpaper a permanent fixture here at Matsqui and because of his success with Tarpaper is will hopefully not fade out like so many other prison magazines of its type, when their editor is released.

We do not have a gold watch to give Harold for his dedicated service here, but I am sure he dosen't want anything to remind himself of his experiences in prison. Besides, he's not into time any longer.

All The World's A Stage

by William Shakespeare

DUKE

*T*hou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

JAQUES

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Treat a man as you
would have him become,
and he will become
that man!

by
Felonious Convictus

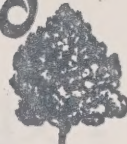
What does it mean when guards are no longer guards, but are correctional officers, and when Prisons have become correctional institutions? What does it mean when Vocational training, academic education and other various group activities are all put together and labeled correctional programs?

All this makes one wonder if a prison worker would be ostracized by his peers if he said: "Prisoners are simply human beings and can be treated accordingly." No one should find it necessary to defend or justify a humane action, unless of course, he is unable to make the distinction. When a prisoner is allowed to buy cigarettes, or eat a prepared meal, or have visits, his keeper should not feel compelled to label his approval as corrective.

Like it or not, the prisoner is reminded every day, in hundreds of subtle ways, that he is being corrected. Some prisoners, it seems, are reminded so often that they begin to believe they are something less than human beings. They lose their confidence, their ability to make decisions, and begin seeking help for every trivial personal problem. They were better men before they were exposed to penal corrections.



Summer Yard



Hand a inmate a shovel, a hoe or a rake and tell him he has to dig a garden. He'll take the tools and go through the motions, but it may be a long time before you see anything grow. Supply him with a paintbrush and paint, tell him he has to paint the sports shack, and it will get done, sooner or later.

But ... enter the yard on a warm sunny summer weekend when a lot of people are there, and you can feel the lack of tension. Bodies lay with closed eyes...no one disturbs another...two or three Yoga practitioners are in characteristic posture...a small group is gathered around the guitarists, silently nodding their heads.

A great many places of the world are drab, dingy and gloomy. But nowhere in the world can equal the drabness, dingyness and gloom of a prison in winter. Winter emphasizes the colorless atmosphere and morale is at an annual low. Then there is that first call...

"The yard is open..."

Everyone, even those who don't usually go to the yard, finds a new spirit. Dormant minds find a new life with a myriad of thoughts... baseball... handball... softball... track...golf...and, tennis anyone? Then later that night, dormant muscles cry out in protest of their rude awakening.

The non-athletic types look forward to walking in the fresh air...watching the hudge jets roar over and shake the ground beneath them... playing cards, checkers and chess in the sun. The studious types pseudo-intellectuals sit in groups on the hill and impress each other with their learning.* *

od-socks

desk doors that don't open. clothing that don't fit.

no clothing.
A.W.O.L.

the rising cost of living
the rising cost of canteen

a closed library

questions

the rose tatoo

re-counts who the new
counts director?

a shrinking visiting area. treatment plans that don't treat.
shrinks!

no cups

little

bummers

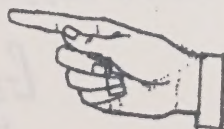


come back when the
line has gone through?

...it only takes three weeks to
a month to institutionalize a
person...

...it takes about a year to de-
institutionalize him...

...and this is what has been
offered for years in the way of
corrections...



"NOW FOR THE STIPULATIONS OF YOUR PAROLE"

REFLECTIONS



"The boy in the box"

I was on my way to the park one afternoon, when who do I run into but Stickey Johnston, the candy maker's son. Now Stickey is looking rather sad, in fact he looks like he has lost his best friend and maybe his wallet. As I can see tears running down his cheeks, if there is anything that really bothers me, it's to see big tears running down peoples cheeks, so naturally I am going to try and help dry up the situation. So I say to Stickey like this, "Stickey have you lost your best friend, or maybe your sallet? Tell me all about it, maybe I can gelp you out!" and Stickey proceeds to relate this very sad tale.

This couple with their small son moved in next door to Stickeys place. At first everythin went fine, the young boy got along with everyone and was exceptionaly bright. The parents also got along with everyone they met, they seemed to be hard working and potential pillars of the community. However the parents thought the boy had to much leisure time and edcided, lots of hard work and less leisure. The bright young boy went along with this theory for a short period, and then rebelled, because he was not making a minimum wage. He would only do enough to pay for his room and board. This action made his parents angry, they felt the boy must be punished so they put him in a box. It got to the point where the boy never came out of the box, even for a carrot which he liked very much and they are also good for the eyes. Now the parents

of the boy in the box decided to use education as a means of getting and keeping, the boy out of the box. Their idea was, if the boy has a better than average education, he will have a better job and make more money to contribute to their own welfare. So they brought in a tudor who poured all kinds of knowledge into the boy which was very good, but he was still dissatisfied and he no longer wished to remain in this unbearable situation.

Well, after hearing this sad tale we called a meeting of the "Correct an Injustice Society" to see what could be done. It was decided that Blinkey B. would go to the boy in the box immediately and transport him anywhere the boy wanted to go, which he did, and they went to someplace in Southeast Asia where Blinkey B. left the boy from the box happy in his new enviorment educating the natives. Blinkey also brought back with him a monkey which he left in the box.

Now this couple have one of the most religious, highly educated monkees in the world, but the poor souls are to blind to see it because the monkey is making big money for them playing the stock market and doing well. Stickey also moved to the same vicinity as the boy from the box and the last we heard, things are fine and everyone lived happily ever after.

By
Fast Eddie

PRAYER

God, I need a job because I need money.
Here the world is, enjoyable with whiskey,
women, ultimate weapons, and class!
But if I have no money, then my wife
gets mad at me, I can't drink well,
the armed oppress me, and no boss
pays me money. But when I work,
Oh I get paid!, the police are courteous,
and I can have a drink and breathe air.
I feel classy. I am where the arms are.
The wife is wife in deed. The world
is interesting!, except I have to be
indoors all day and take shit, and make
weapons to kill outsiders with. I miss
the air, and smell that paid work stinks
when done for someone else's profit, so I quit,
enjoy a few flush days in air, drunk, then
I need a job again. I'm caught in a steel cycle.

by
Alan Dugan

jewells lyfer gets into his act



Hey Jewells,
did you hear about
Margaret Benson
being appointed to
the Parole Board?

Ya. I
heard.

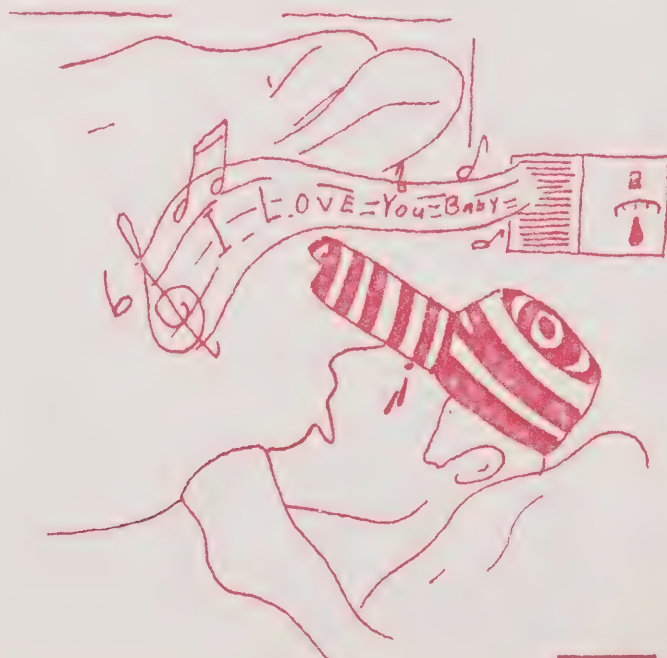


Hey Jewells whats it
like to have a
woman counsellor?

Women, women all
around me, thanks god
for my cell, I can
at least get away from
THEM THERE!!



'SLAM!'



by L. Calvin

A Look At;



"Stone Walls do not a prison make.
But throw in dogs,
Barbed wire,
Armed guards,
And you have something there!"

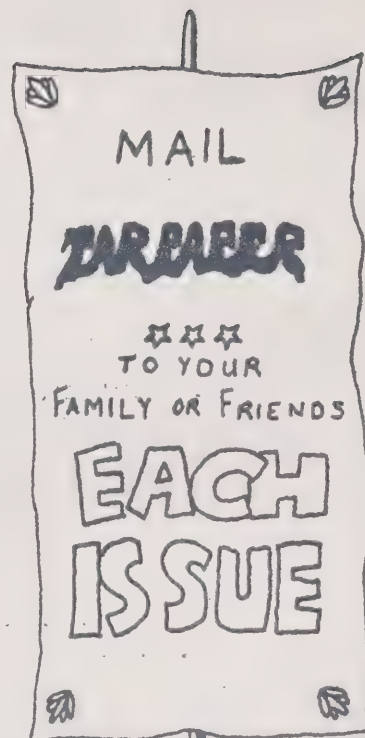
by
B. Blanchard

The dogs are used for escapes and in Matsqui at least we have had armed guards for a good length of time now. But the barb wire is new. What does it mean? Matsqui is now a place holding persons who are into escape?

But wait. Who has decided that those living here want to escape, and that barb wire will foil them?

Enough. The barb wire is up. No one has been physically scratched. But it seems a sure thing that someone is being mentally scared. That someone is the con, and unless those who order barb wire, start looking at consequences, and stop allowing themselves to become a victim of 'group think' the results may plunge them into social oblivion, branded forever as failures.

By the way take another look at the cover of Tarpapers March addition, and then take a look at the fence around Matsqui. It seems to me the prediction made on this cover is coming true!





I see wher weird Harold wnt and left Georga St. Center. Tell we all knew he was weird didn't we.

I over heard too inmates talking and one said to the other "Are you sure this isnt R.M.C." Tell if this isn't R.M.C. thay should be over there.

I see the conselor with the weird act sure knows how to chose them.

Now that the sun is geting warmer a lot of sumer bonets are coming out. One weirdo' went and shaved his head and god his uglier than ever.

I sure hope the new editor didn't see me wheen I sliped this under his dor.

Whats this! Judy and Peter beet all those great bridge players with there great bridge stratagy. John, you and your partner shold be hiding your faces.

I seen the Castle was trying to act like a inmate the other day and went through the diner line with the inmates. I wonder how he liked the beens?

Mat about that salmon at the open house? I say I havn't eaten that gold since Ive been in jail. and to think it was cook by a few wild natives.

Behind the screen!

Over the past years the Matsqui Institution has been the subject of much bad publicity by the News due to public opinion. But the local Abbotsford paper the "M.S.A. News" has told it like it really is in the Matsqui Institution. (W.R.)

If one were to take a vote throughout the Abbotsford-Matsqui area on the public's reaction to Matsqui Institution, it would likely be unfavorable. People so easily remember all the bad things about anything connected with prisons and there is no doubt much unfavorable publicity has been given to Matsqui Institution over the past few years due to actions of a minority.

Harsh criticism has been given over the day pass system and Matsqui Institution has been the subject of questions in parliament, press headlines and open hotline shows.

What is forgotten is that the inmates are responsible for many projects that deserve favorable publicity. They are people, they are being rehabilitated and they deserve recognition.

The News, in future issues, will endeavor to bring some of these projects into the open. It is not generally known that selected inmates, supervised by psychologists, are being successful in communicating with other less fortunates, the retarded children.

Inmates, under capable instruction, are also doing much good in providing material goods for worthwhile causes. For instance, they have completed one adventure playground for the Abbotsford school district, have promised to do another and there is the possibility of a third.

Probably most people know that Mat-

squi Institution has its own branch of the Jaycees. They have many inmates projects including involvement with the House of Concord, youth speaking, needy family projects, minor softball sponsorship, supply of comics to the MSA General Hospital. They are even planning to enter the annual Nanaimo-Vancouver bathtub race.

There are many Indians in the Institution and they provide speakers on Indian affairs while members of the Gavel Club supply speakers to numerous clubs in the area.

There are inmates who video-tape local events such as the air show, ice carnival, Friendship House and ice hockey. There are therapeutic groups working on many projects. One of these projects consists of building a three-wheeled motorcycle for the Big Brothers to raffle.

So it's not all bad. There are numbers of human beings, like you and me, who are genuinely getting into the rehabilitation act. They are doing upholstery for the senior citizens, they are providing needed assistance to others and, at the same time, they are working out their own problems.

We say, good luck to them and their teachers. They deserve publicity and the News will be pleased to provide it.

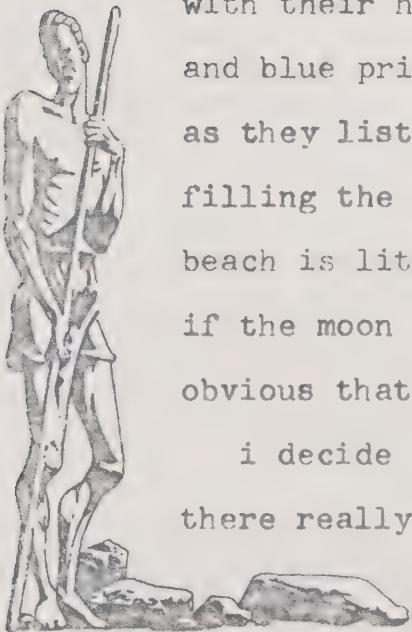
But, remember this, the minority group, will as always continue to get the bad publicity it deserves.

△ △ △ △ △ △ △ △ △ △ △ △ △ △ △ △ △

Gemini Manuscript

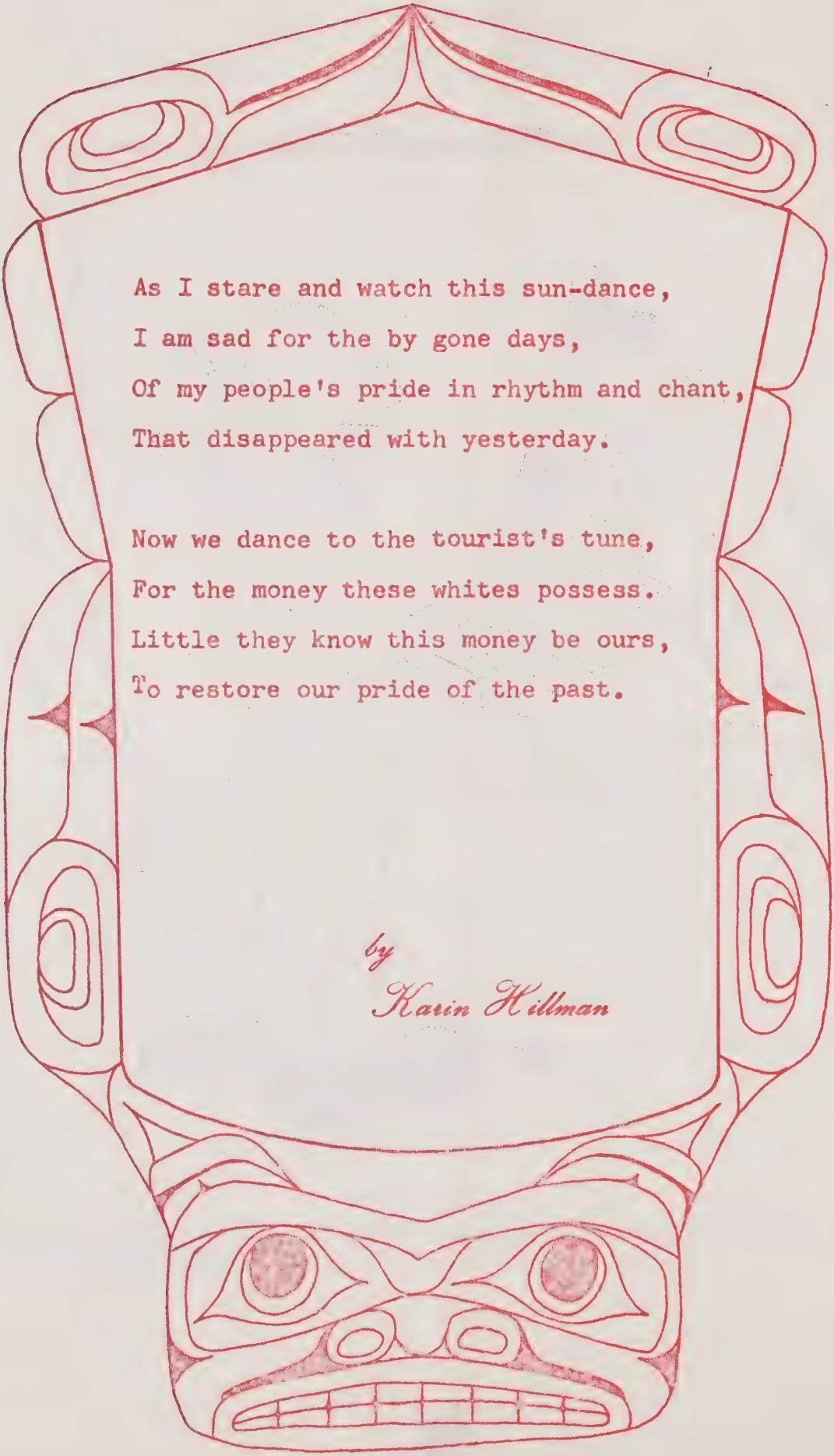
...i am standing here watching the slaughter in the arena
feeling combination of james dean/groucho marx/
lewis carroll/humpty dumpty and so on when this
middle aged clerk wearing a transparent poncho
asks me if he didn't see me at an anti-war rally up
in ottawa canada.."no" i say "i never travel alone
and especially never to meetings".. suddenly he
rips off his poncho and turns into a systems analyst..
"you're the one," he screams "you're the one thats
been saying that the game plan is all wrong" as i look
around, i see that the activity in the arena has stopped
and that the combatants are standing there watching us
with their hands full of censors stamps/handcuff keys/
and blue prints defining negativity/their eyes are empty
as they listen to the monologue of nothingness that is
filling the space around me.. i can see that this
beach is littered with social garbage and feeling that
if the moon can influence the ocean to this degree it's
obvious that it won't have any trouble with me,

i decide to follow it to ottawa and see if
there really is a canada...





"I don't suppose you could spare enough to fill both my cavities."

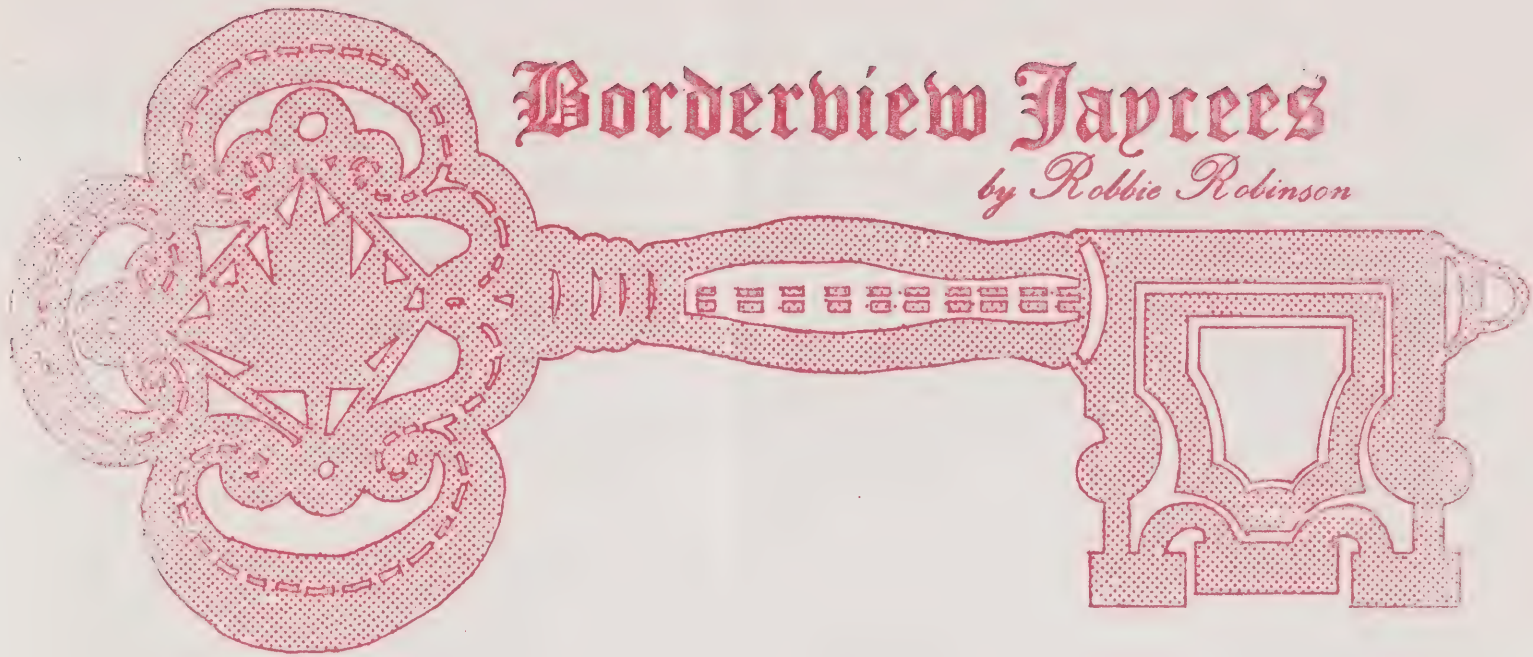


As I stare and watch this sun-dance,
I am sad for the by gone days,
Of my people's pride in rhythm and chant,
That disappeared with yesterday.

Now we dance to the tourist's tune,
For the money these whites possess.
Little they know this money be ours,
To restore our pride of the past.

by

Karin Hillman



Borderview Jaycees

by Robbie Robinson

The Borderview Jaycees became the second Jaycee Unit in Canada, operating from within a Federal Institution, to be granted Full Charter Status (membership) in Canada Jaycees. This Chartering Ceremony took place on Tues. Sept. 25, 1973. With being granted full charter, the Borderview Jaycees receive all rights, privileges and recognition offered to any "outside" Jaycee Unit in Canada Jaycees.

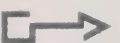
The Borderview Jaycees offer many "programs" specifically designed to develop a quality of leadership ability and avenues for personal achievement and adaptation of these "newly recognized" qualities. This section of personal development is taught within the area which we refer to as, the Individual Development Commission I.D.C. Under I.D.C. Borderview offers, Public and Effective Speaking, Parliamentary Procedure, Committee Management and a Leadership in Action Course which deals with building personal confidence and motivation technique for the members. As evidence of Borderviews I.D.C. program in action; out of the some thirty clubs within Matsqui, a Jaycee member is the co-ordinator of

no less than eight groups; the Inmate Committee has five Jaycee members and some sixteen other members once held positions with the Inmate Committee.

The Borderview Jaycees are also involved in other areas; these include, External Relations, Community Development, Accent on Youth, Membership and Awards. All these areas of activity have a Director who co-ordinates all projects with his area. These four members plus the Individual Development Director form the Board of Directors of the Borderview Jaycees. A short explanation of the Board of Directors is:

ACCENT ON YOUTH (A.O.Y.)

This area deals with projects which in most cases, are aimed at the Youth or Youth Organization in the community. One project which is underway at present is one which we refer to as Youth Speak. The Youth Speak project is: Borderview Members are trained to speak in front of an audience, they talk on their life style and why they chose a criminal way as well as the factors leading to their present sentence.



Once a member is prepared, and his peers feel he has a message to convey, he may be sent to a Public, Secondary or Senior Schools in our immediate area, or possibly to the House of Concord or other juvenile homes to speak to the students or residents there. Youth Speak has been a highly successful project in B.C. for some years (since 1969); this project was originated by the Bridgeview Jaycees in the B.C. Penitentiary.

COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT (C.D.)

This area deals with projects Borderview conduct within our Community (i.e. M.S.A. area). Community Development and External Relation work very closely due to the number of projects conducted in the community each year. Some of the projects C.D. has and is conducting are: An annual Community Development Project is one which Borderview refers to as the "Needy Family Fund". This project is conducted around Christmas each year. We co-ordinate this project and collect donations from the entire inmate population which are eventually given to a needy family in the Abbotsford area just prior to Christmas. This years project (1973) wasn't as successful as we had hoped. However, just prior to Christmas (1973) we received word that a young family had lost their home and all their belongings in a fire. We arranged for a representative from the M.S.A. Community Services to come in to visit and talk over the Needy Family Project with us, and during this meeting Borderview presented a cheque for \$81.50 to Mrs. Helen Layton which she would take to the needy family we had chosen.

Also under C.D., we are currently setting up hobby training sessions for the residents of the House of Concord, a juvenile home for boys in Langly. Sessions of training will include; leather, petti point,

copper, string art and lettering as well as contemporary art.

Borderview Jaycees are also sponsoring a Minor Boys Softball Team in the Abbotsford area during the 1974 season. The age group we have selected is between 10-12 yrs. old. Coaching and practices will be done by Borderview members under the Temporary Absence program here at the Institution. This sponsorship wouldn't have been possible if it wasn't for the generous donations the Borderview Jaycees members made towards this project. We had thought that the necessary \$150.00 had been arranged for, and although a kind donation from a local citizen was received, we found that we were in excess of \$120.00 short of the necessary funds. At this point the Borderview members "dug deep" and when the donations were counted, we had a total in excess of \$150.00, which ment that this worthwhile project could be run in 1974. This sponsership will be another annual project of the Borderview Jaycees.

Plans are also under way to sponsor a Minor Soccer Team in the fall of 1974; if this is successful it to will become an annual project of Borderview.

EXTERNAL RELATIONS

Borderview ran a "Nylons for Lepers" project, although this year it wasn't all to successful we hope to conduct it again next year. We get collections of used and spoiled nylons from various areas, store them and then arrange to send them to Biafra. Once received in Biafra they are used as sterile bandages for persons suffering from Lepercy.

We are also doing a "Comic Strip" project. This calls for the collection of comics from the local daily papers which are then placed in a scrap book, and once the book is filled the Comic Scrap Book is donated to the Childrens Ward of

the M.S.A. Hospital.

MEMBERSHIP AND AWARDS (M.&A.)

This deals with the recruitment and retention of members in the Borderview. Introduction and Jaycee Orientation Nights are held periodically throughout the year. Awards are presented to members who show the greatest concern and sincerity towards all areas of the Borderview Jaycees.

Borderview Jaycees have the motto which we feel we have been putting into action since receiving Full Charter Status in Sept. of 1973. Our motto is "Key to Change"; which we feel is both meaningful and demanding. The Unit Newsletters is called "The Key" (yes taken from our motto). Unit colors are purple and gold. Unit Vests are made of suede (purple) with a gold crest on the back. The vests are produced by Borderview members, and our Unit emblem is a contemporary and rather fancy "Key" which we also feel is indicative of Borderview's willingness to change to become better men through Jaycees.

The Motto for the Pacific Region, of which we are in, is "Make it Happen". The Borderview Jaycees feel that we have indeed done as that motto suggests, and we like to combine the Regional and Borderviews mottos into a closing comment, as to suggest that; for Borderview, "TO MAKE IT HAPPEN OUR KEY TO CHANGE IS YOU."

Think about it.

If anyone wishes to receive additional information, or visit the Borderview Jaycees simply write;

BORDERVIEW JAYCEES
P.O. Box 2500
Abbotsford, B.C. V2S 4P3

Robbie Robinson -
President

let it be known!!

Crime can properly be viewed only as one facet of a problem of general social disorganization. The opening of the door on the study of crime confronts one with a broad vista of social disorganization. Such aspects of this dreary scene as unemployment, undernourishment, disease, deterioration, demoralization, and many others, including crime itself, are simply parts of the whole picture. They are not separate problems. A sound approach to the field of crime would therefore involve an approach to all of these other problems which are part and parcel of the etiology of crime.



spur of the moment

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I...

...settled back and watched the smoke, from countless cigarettes, rise into the overhead cell-light, disappear, and sent myself with it...

...ridiculed God; to be one of the guys; and then prayed, when lights were out, for forgiveness and understanding...

...rolled cigarettes and almost blew my top when the glue on the paper didn't hold...

...thought of revenge to one and all; then realized that I was here because of my own fallacies...

...wanted to listen to a program of my own choosing on the radio...

...screamed silently for release...

...wondered what movie was on the late show...

...wanted a cold beer while I was reading or just taking it easy along about eight in the evening...

...started to write a letter, realized there was nothing to write about, and give up until the next time...

...thought of the ones that I love and have loved and what they were doing at the same moment that I was thinking of them...

...wanted a deck of cards...

...thought (and prayed) that today a miracle would happen and they would grant me an early parole...

...planned my future and then only do it again the next night with entirely new concepts...

...told myself that the only way that I would return here was on a slab...

...for the want of my woman, indulged in hours of self-pity...

...counted the years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes seconds until I would be free again...

...said that I was going straight when I got out...

A NEUROTIC IS A MAN
WHO BUILDS CASTLES IN THE AIR;
A PSYCHOTIC IS A MAN
WHO LIVIS IN THEM;
AND A PSYCHIATRIST
IS THE MAN
WHO COLLECTS THE RENT.

: from the "Outlook"
Workworth Institution.

CRIMESTOPPERS NOTEBOOK



ROOKIES!

Remember, to gain advancement
you need many shoes, rifles,
determination, and the ability
to count to twenty-six.

Dick Trashy

Midnite Mopper

Sanitarium Sanitation Engineer

You slop 'em We'z a mop 'em.

Tired of a low paying job we educate men like this:



I lived that
ghetto jive "Jack"
now thanks to
education I have
a business.

ROUTE 6666

LIBRARY

"There is nothing within prison walls which can give the feeling of release like a good book can. Books can take you on a voyage around the world, and you can experience unlimited adventures."

So says Mike, thats how he does his time. If he isn't reading about great adventures into space, or how to burglerize the First National, its a intriguing mystery or a old duster with good down to earth violence in it.

Mike has been worried a bit lately because he is starting to run out of books to read, that are of interest to him, in our library. But his worries are over now, for a long over-due expansion is now taking place in the Matsqui library. New shelves are being erected and are slowly filling up with crisp new books, which have been kept under wraps for some time now.

Mikes only worry now is that the library will get a new dictionary for you know who to memorize.

Interview with Ken Peterson

(Matsqui, B.C.P. University Programme)

The University programme, here at Matsqui and the British- Columbia Penitentiary, after eight months of operation has come to an end in a flurry of worried frowns bent over examination papers. Six courses were presented in the programme:

First year level: English
Sociology
Psychology
History

Second year level: English
History

Each course carries three university credits and to get a idea of the programme and where it's going, a interview was held with the Psycology instructor of the programme, Ken Peterson:

INTERVIEWER / Ken, what is your feelings towards the programme and its continuation?

KEN/Why not continue the programme? The initial experience of the Donner project led to inmates requesting further courses. When the Donner Project was completed the university submitted a proposal to carry on the idea under the auspices of the C.P.S. Since that time two university programmes have been completed. Our experience at the conclusion of this year's programme remains the same as with previous programmes. Essentially, the inmate population, most particularly that portion involved in the present programme, have requested further university courses. So, why not? The motivations behind these requests are undoubtedly many; however we do not consider it necessary to question a man's motivations. Some of the reasons students have given me personally include: self-improvement, proving something to someone else, an easy or interesting time, would like to obtain a degree, and perhaps the most original "the guy living beside me has been in school for two years now - I need this course for

self-defence." The university and the instructors involved in this year's project have attempted to replicate the street scene in so far as the programme is concerned. This is, I believe, the best course to follow.

Our greatest single poverty has been the lack of adequate library facilities. This situation has now been rectified to some degree at Matsqui but the problem is still acute at B.C.P. We are often forced to fly by the seat of our pants in this programme, but that's better than not flying at all.

Perhaps the most encouraging reason for continuing the programme lies in the fact that we have a number of students who are certainly capable of continuing with their studies through the graduate level. Then, hopefully, there will be a few students in graduate studies who actually know what they are talking about, although this may be hoping for too much.

INTERVIEWER/ How many students started the course at the beginning of the semester combining both the Matsqui and B.C.P. programme and

how many have completed it.

KEN/ At the beginning of the programme both at Matsqui and B.C.P. about 120 students were enrolled. Of these students about 80 completed the programme.

INTERVIEWER/ A thirty percent drop-out rate is not bad according to university standards. But out of curiosity, what were the reasons for the drop-outs?

KEN/ Some dropped out because they did not like the programme; some because the work was too difficult. A number were released on parole and some from B.C.P. took a transfer to P.A. during the October nonsense.

INTERVIEWER/ I understand part of this programme is to effect both personality and attitude changes in the students. Do you feel the programme has significantly changed any attitudes or personalities?

KEN/ Perhaps a little. They don't throw things at me near as often now as they did at the beginning of the course. Busby remarked that he actually heard an inmate say 'aint' and then correct himself by saying 'that aint right.' I don't know if the programme has changed anyone's attitudes significantly. I'm more interested in good citizens than I am in good cons - so let's wait until the students hit the street and see. The programme is not going to change a man's attitude. He's going to change his own attitude if it needs changing.

INTERVIEWER/ You mentioned earlier Ken that you felt the most encouraging reason for continuing the programme lies in the fact that there are a number of students who are capable of continuing with their studies through to the graduate level. Do you feel any students will continue on with the programme after they have been re-

leased?

KEN/ I think that a number of students will continue with further university education after they have been paroled or released. Also there are several students who are on day parole and presently registered at universities or colleges around the lower mainland. I am not sure as to the number of students who will enter vocational training however, because the university programme does not provide the student with an adequate science or mathematics background. This is a problem which will have to be solved at the institutional level. The university does not, at present, have any plans for providing a science or math education at the college level. As I mentioned before, there are certainly a handful of students who would be able to carry on at the graduate level on the basis of their present demonstrated ability. Moreover, there are bound to be further students who, although they have not yet demonstrated high achievement, will as they continue with the programme 'turn on' to the different subjects. Many of the best students at university do not 'come alive' until their third or fourth year when they are able to concentrate upon their academic area of specialisation.

INTERVIEWER/ What subjects will be presented next year in both summer and fall semesters?

KEN/ May-June (8 weeks)
Anthropology (Introductory)
Geography (Introductory)

July-August (8 weeks)
Philosophy (Introductory)
English Composition

Sept.-April
English (first year)
English (second year)
History (first year)
History (second year)

Psychology (first year)
Psychology (second year)

One further course in the social sciences (yet to be determined)

INTERVIEWER/ Do you have any personal opinions you would like to add about the programme?

KEN/ One of the most frequent criticisms I have encountered from inmates, officers, and people on the street is the fact that the university programme as it is presently constituted does not provide the student with knowledge which has direct practical utility; the information, although interesting, is regarded as useless. To some extent this is a very justifiable criticism. However, when viewed in the wider context, much of this high utility value (in the immediate marketability sense) has built in obsolescence. Furthermore, there are present provisions for vocational training within the institution, but this is not an area of university involvement.

I would prefer to think that the humanities courses gain their importance through promoting a more contemplative discipline of mind, and that they do have practical utility value in that they provide the student with a wider horizon of knowledge from which to view the social questions of a rapidly changing society. Ultimately, the programme will have whatever impact the student wants it to have on his life. It provides an opportunity (albeit limited) for those who wish to participate.



WRITERS WANTED

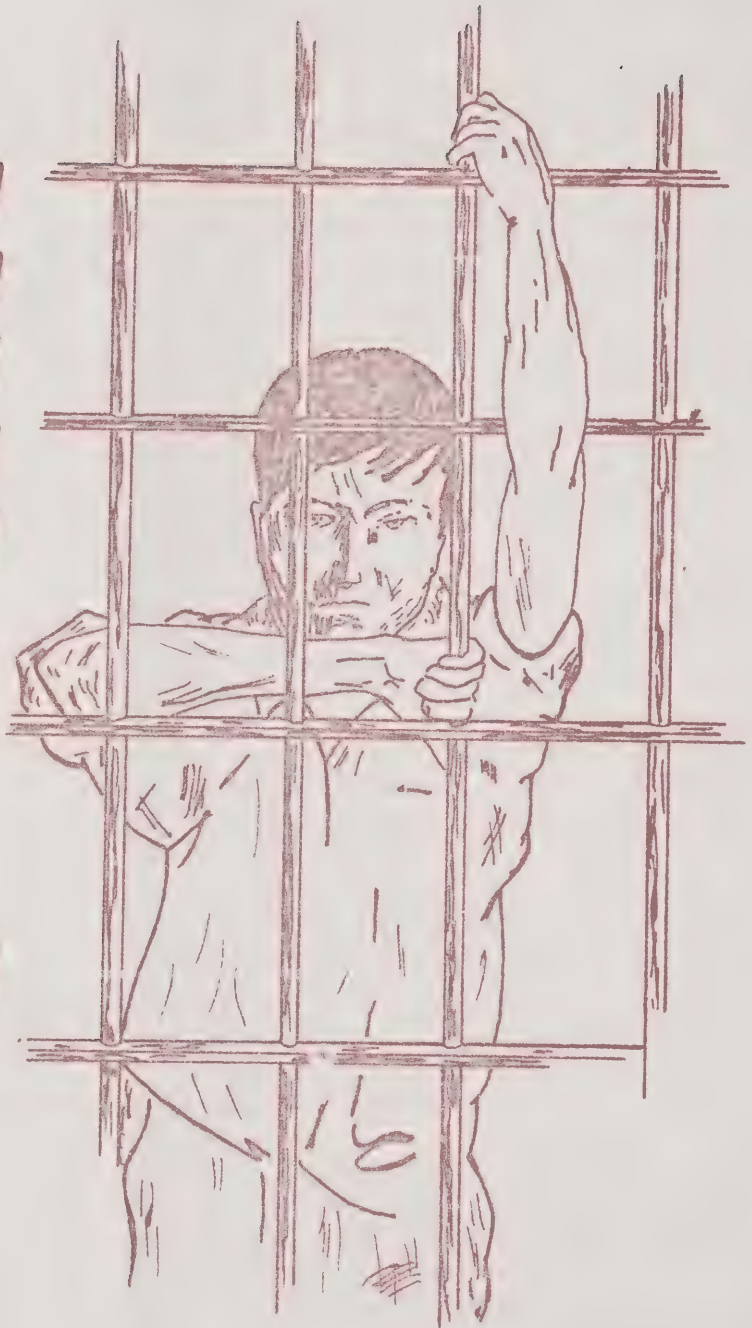
It is a goal of Tarpaper to be interestingly acceptable to the prisoner's family and friends, and to be contemplatively informative to the professional man, the businessman, and the industrialist. Tarpaper needs articles to help achieve its goal. Your contributions are solicited, but no shiveling or whining please. We are looking for solid articles about what you consider to be falacies in the prison system and the measures you consider appropriate to remedy those falacies.



"You know what I miss on a day like this? Running down the street, the wind in my hair, the sun behind me and the cry of 'Stop, thief!' echoing in my ears."

*some
people
think
this is
delinquency
prevention..*

is it really ?



FOR INFORMATION
CALL OR WRITE;

M-2 CANADIAN JOB THERAPY
533-A Clarkson Street,
New Westminster, B.C.

Phone: 526-9661

The average day here at the Tarpaper Magazine Office is not always laced with good humor, glamorous diversions and happy hours eight-to-four. People get on our necks about profiles insufficiently laudatory; or profiles insufficiently critical; or various published biases that do not match those of the reader; or manifestations of institution staff that show its members to be clearly unable to understand our situation; or any number of grating attacks mounted, demeaning opinions rendered, insufficiencies and shortcoming loud threats.

All of these, experience has taught us to weather - not happily, mind you, since a slam is a slam and it does leave tracks - but weather all the same.

What we have come to call "Tragic Stories" are something different. A good Tragic Story rocks me out of my chair and makes me want to run into any office that has a staffmember in it, sympathy dripping from every pore, tears welling and at the ready.

"Listen to this!" I want to cry "Can you imagine? Can you imagine how the poor guy feels?"

A Tragic Story, you see, is an inmates last shriek of agony, his ultimate yelp of outrage, a penetrating moan of despair. Here is what we call a Tragic Story reconstructed for you by Tarpaper staff writer Michael Stewart:

THE LONG TIMER

DENIED PAROLE

Until the time Jason was 14, he was shifted from one foster home to another. His mother had just remarried and they were now traveling the country in a house trailer, changing schools each time they moved. Jason had just turned 16 when his family decided to settle

down in the little town of Prescott Ont. By that time he had just reached the ninth grade and his progress wasn't all that good. His step-father presented him with an ultimatum; either to quit school and get a job to pay for his room and board and clothes, or if he wighed, he could leave. He decided to get a job, which turned out to be washing dishes in a restaurant for \$30.00 a week plus meals, while on shift. Of the \$30.00 he made, \$20.00 of it went to his step-father. The remaining few dollars that was left, was spent on clothes and incidentals a normal 16 year old boy likes. Just prior to his 17th birthday he asked his mother to buy him an old jalopy for \$75.00 and she agreed. But afterwards his

step-father vetoed that plan and decided that it would be right for him to join the service.

Jason had other things on his mind. He decided that since he couldn't have a car, he would steal one, and go for a joyride. He was apprehended and placed on probation as a juvenile offender. When he decided to apply for the service, he was told by his probation officer his car theft would not be held against him. Therefore he wrote on his Army application that he had no major convictions. He completed his basic training in three months and for the first time in his life felt as if he had successfully completed something. A feeling of accomplishment was something he had never experienced. Suddenly one day Jason was abruptly discharged because the Army felt that his Juvenile offense constituted a criminal record. He had made a good adjustment to military life and would have liked to stay in the Army. Until then he had had no vocational training, and only a very minor employment history. His education being only completion of grade nine.

Jason thought things over and decided he would return home, but found out things hadn't improved a bit, and was unable to find any kind of job. All available employment was for skilled labor and he had none to speak of. He became involved in a series of car thefts and arrests. The courts would give him probation and he would immediately steal another car. He never tried to sell or dismantle them, he would just drive around for a while, usually until the car ran out of gas, and then he would steal another. These escapades resulted in a short jail sentences until he was arrested for Auto-theft in Kimpville Ont., where he was sentenced to four years in the Kingston Penitentiary and branded a compulsive car thief. He was granted a parole in

one year and returned to the place where he was sentenced, and stole another car. This time he was sentenced to two years because he told the judge he wasn't responsible for his actions. Now with a two year sentence he also had three years to serve on his parole which was a total of five years. Jason had just turned 22 years of age and since he was seventeen, had spent more time in prison than on the street.

After being back in Kingston for approximately three months, he was put on a job that lacked supervision. The temptation to be free was too great. Without thinking of the consequences, he stole a car belonging to the Federal Government and fled. However he couldn't shake off his pursuers, so after about ten miles he picked up three hitch-hikers as hostages to assure his escape. Subsequently he was captured, and for this offence was sentenced to twenty years and returned to Kingston.

Twenty years to Jason seemed like a lifetime, but it had shocked him into thinking seriously about his past and whatever future he might have left. He had spent the major portion of his young adulthood in prisons and was now facing the prospect of further imprisonment until he was about forty years old. Any possible future seemed to be surrounded by a wall, but he had to pull himself out of his depression. After being in the institution for a month he started looking at any opportunities the prison had to offer. He decided that if he was to ever have any chance for a life in the free community, he had better do something about the distorted mess of a person he was. As it stood, he had no education to speak of, no vocation, nothing that would assure himself or anyone else that he would be able to stay out of prison if he were granted the chance. He had to make a decision to overcome the normal apathy that

prevails in prisons, or sink even lower. He made up his mind to work and take every opportunity to learn so that he could develop good work habits, and gain skills that could be used to support himself when eventually released.

His first assignment in the prison was clerking in the dental laboratory. After about a month had passed, one of the doctors asked if he would be interested in becoming his chair assistant, and because the work seemed interesting, Jason accepted.

To his surprise, he found that he had more than an average ability to adapt to the doctors teachings, and because of this, he decided to investigate the opportunities outside for a dental technician. He was assured that they were unlimited. Jason plunged into study for this profession and enrolled in the education department, in order to do something about his lack of academic background. Eventually he completed the requirements for a high-school certificate, and he continued his education by enrolling in extension courses, offered by the local college.

Meanwhile his work in the dental clinic continued, and after several years he received a certificate of accomplishment from the Canadian Dentistry Association. Two years later, he received a certificate of attainment from the same board. He worked in the dental clinic for approximately four years, being taught all phases of operative dentistry, as well as prosthetic dentistry. Due to a change in policy by the Public Health Department, which supervises all of the federal prison hospitals, he went from the operative side of dentistry to the making department and worked there for another year. He was told by many of the dentists that his work was superior to civilian laboratory

standards and that he would have no problem finding employment outside. The average wage for a dental technician was usually quite high, depending on the location, and he felt this is what he would need to make a parole.

Although he now had a dependable income Jason thought it would be best to learn another vocation in case work in the dental field was not available. He applied for training in the Industrial Print Plant, that does many government printing jobs, and was assigned there. The printing standards are very high in this shop and he knew that if he qualified, he would have no problem securing employment in the free community, especially since it was possible for him to leave with his journeymans papers.

Jason hadn't had much spare time on his hands since coming to prison, but what time he did have he used for painting. He had seen another inmate painting and became quite interested in it. His work in the dental clinic had disciplined his hands, and he thought that this hobby would increase his manual skill. After a time his eyes became accustomed to colors, and he learned a definite style. Later he entered a few of his better pictures into the annual art show, hoping to sell one or two. To his surprise he sold them all. Since then he had made a little money every year selling his work.

As for a better sence of values, Jason never really understood what was meant by that statement. He understood the words, of course, but he always heard people saying, "You must acquire a different set of values" or "a better set of values." But Jason was so young when he first got involved with the law that he didn't think that he had a set of values, so what ever it was he had now had to be better,

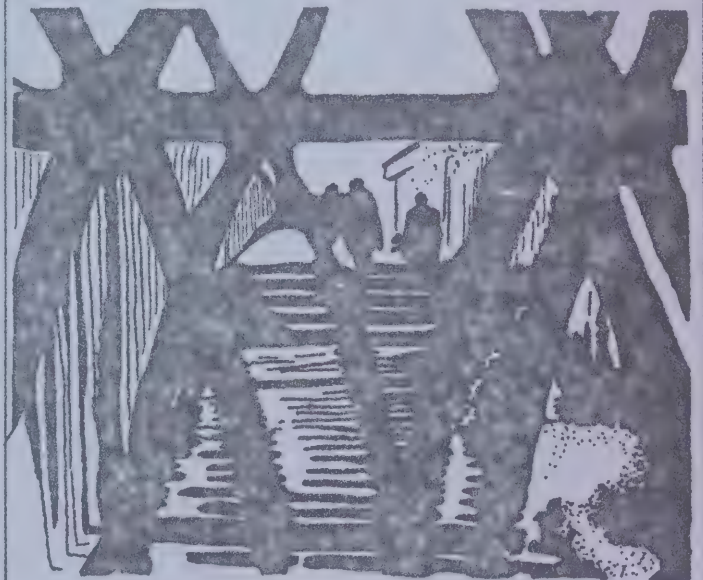
or at least different.

Jason's parole date, about this time was drawing near. At his parole interview he found it difficult to present his case in what he hoped would be a favorable light during the time allotted to him. There was so many things he wanted to say in such a short time, and naturally he was afraid that he would forget the important points that might mean the difference between denial and acceptance. He had seen so many inmates turned down over the years, so he thought to himself that he would not get over optimistic about his chances. However he felt that he had done as well as could be expected and knew his institutional record was very favorable. His only obstacle seemed to be that he had no record of a stable outside life to present to the parole board.

As to the thought of further confinement, Jason thought that everyone reacted differently to confinement, but there comes a time, after X number of years, when a saturation point is reached. From then on you are merely paying your pound of flesh. Jason thought he had reached that point between the fourth and fifth year in prison. Of course the parole board would have to be able to determine exactly when each man reached this point. He didn't think any more years in prison would prepare him any better for earning a livelihood. Little disappointments build day by day, year by year, and as we know, some of the inmates become quite bitter because they feel they are just a statistic. He hoped he would never fall into such an attitude. He was hoping that he would have enough time left for some family life he had missed. A wife and a child, someone to provide for other than himself. His life previous to coming to prison was not the least bit constructive. In prison his interests in the dental laboratories and

hobby had been constructive and organized, creating instead of destroying. Both interests demanded disciplined skills, and he certainly had a time forcing himself to keep at the grindstone until he had achieved what he wanted. This self-discipline paid off; and since it was part of his character he expected it to be of value in constructing his future outside. He found out the big factor was the realization that he could be productive, and that he had skills that were wanted. In the past, before he settled down, he felt that he was relegated to being a nonentity, that he could never be "average", that he might never be able to support a family or have what most people take for granted. He realized now how foolish these fears were. All it took was, discipline, a sense of accomplishment and a growing confidence of his own ability. Deep down inside he felt he was ready, he felt that he could be a creative, producing member of society. He realized he wasn't singled out for hardship and frustration. He felt that everyone had problems but we just cope with them differently.

Jason was turned down for a parole!



FROM THE DARK BOWELS OF THE HADES OF INCARCERATION,
HAVING BEEN SUCCESSFULLY TREATED IS REBORN....

CAPTAIN REHAB!!

I AM DESOLATED!
I HAVE DONE THOSE
THINGS I OUGHT NOT
HAVE DONE,

I HAVE LEFT THOSE
THINGS I OUGHT TO
HAVE DONE
UNDONE!

WIFE
HAD I AND
DID NOT
SUPPORT!

CHEATED HAVE I,
AND ROBBERY
DONE, AND EMPLOY-
MENT I HAVE NONE.

ON
PAROLE.
DID NOT
REPORT!

I WILL
PAY HOMAGE
TO THE GREAT
GOD OF
REHABILITATION!

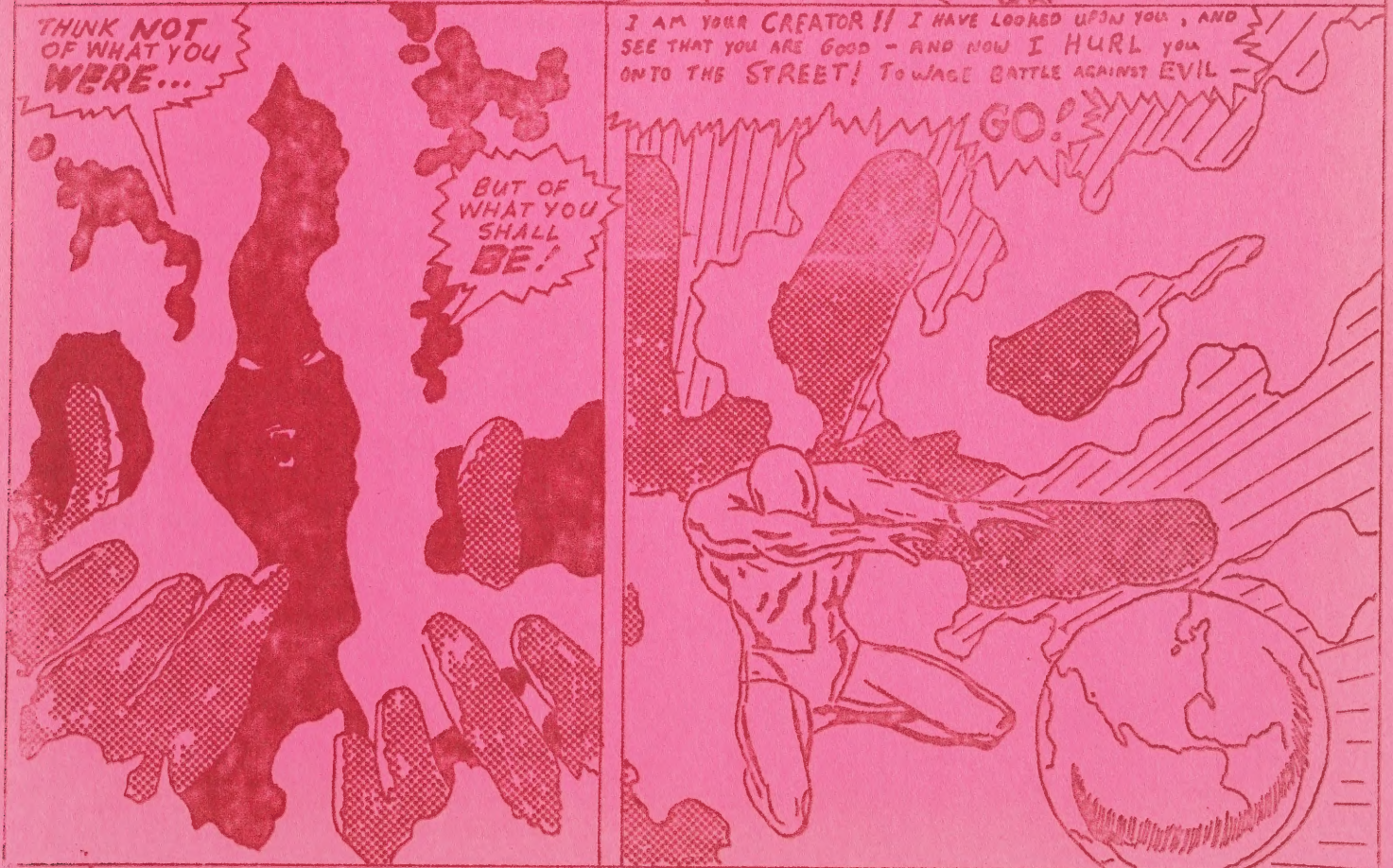


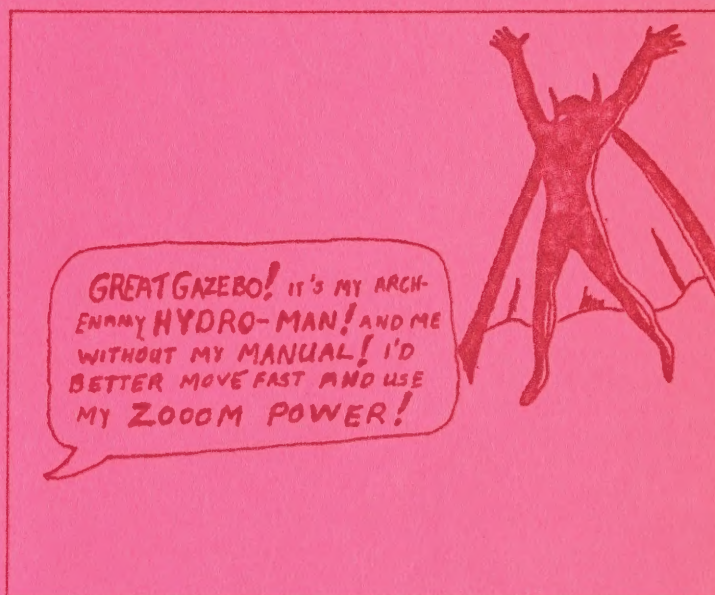
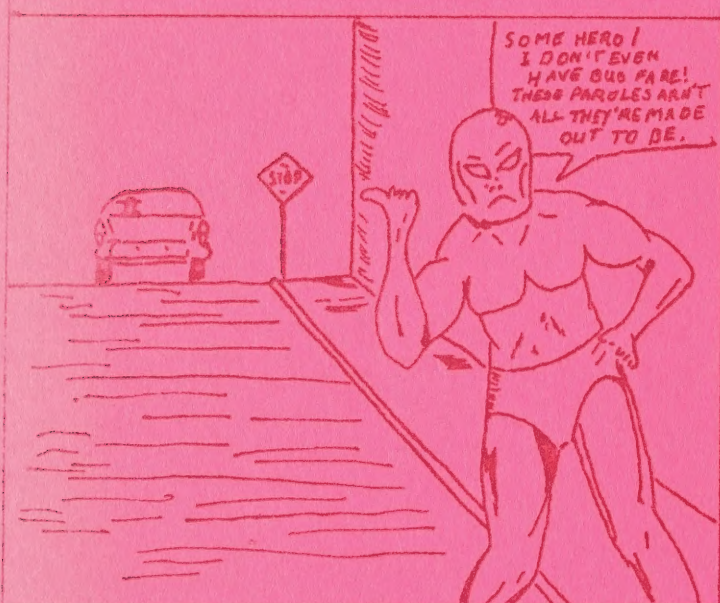
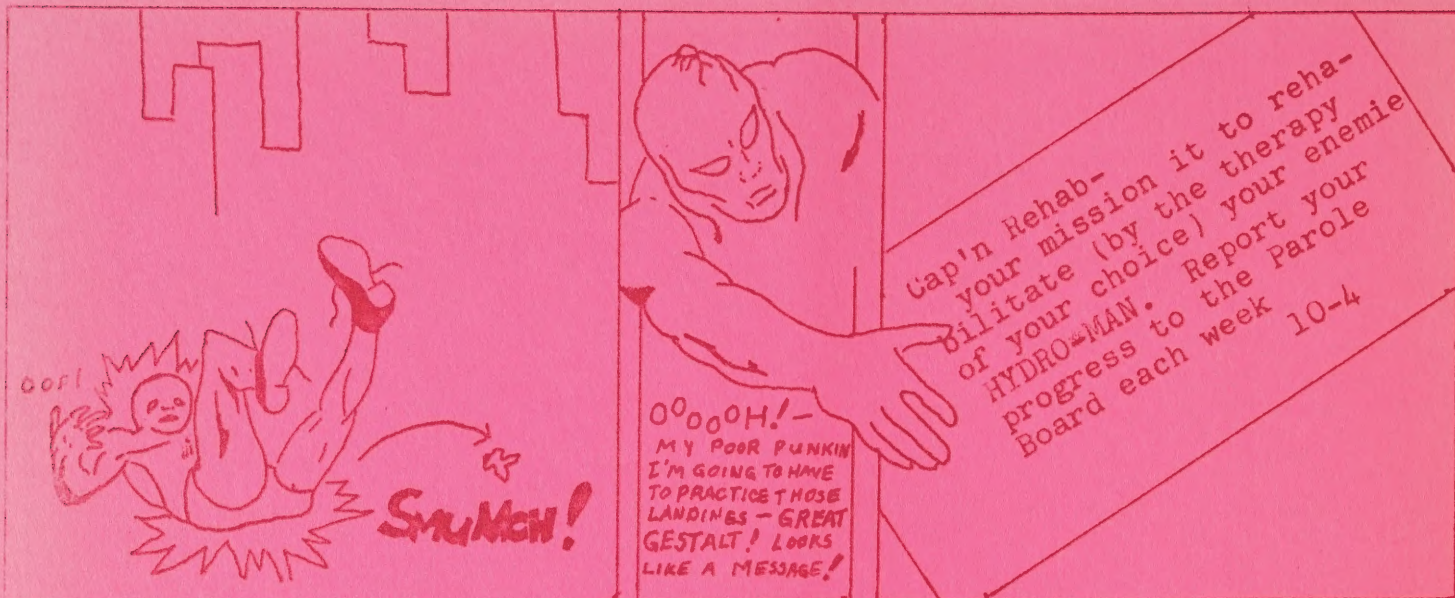
THINK NOT
OF WHAT YOU
WERE...

BUT OF
WHAT YOU
SHALL
BE!

I AM YOUR CREATOR!! I HAVE LOOKED UPON YOU, AND
SEE THAT YOU ARE GOOD - AND NOW I HURL YOU
ONTO THE STREET! TO WAGE BATTLE AGAINST EVIL -

GO!





Will Captain Rehab defeat Hydro-man?
Will our hero learn to tie his shoes?
Will the Zoom secret be revealed?
Or will our hero have to turn to the
resources of SIG.

MORE NEXT MONTH!





TARPAPER
is a member of
The Penal Press